THE PORT FOLIO.

ENLARGED.

BY OLIVER OLDSCHOOL, ESQ.

"VARIOUS, THAT THE MIND
OF DESULTORY MAN, STUDIOUS OF CHANGE,
AND PLEAS'D WITH NOVELTY, MAY BE INDULGED."
COWPER.

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FOR THE PORT FOLIO.

THE LAY PREACHER.

"Yet no man remembered that same poor man."

IN the book of Ecclesiastes, we find related in a very familiar and simple apologue, the siege of a certain city. It was little and thinly inhabited, but it was invaded by a powerful king, and menaced by mighty bulwarks. Instant capture must have ensued, had not a certain *poor* man, whose mind was better stocked than his purse, delivered, by the wisdom of his plans, the city, and freed the inhabitants from their terrors. Here we naturally anticipate a lively picture of the gratitude of the besieged, towards this political saviour. Too many statues could not be erected in honour of such gallantry and enterprise, too many shekels of silver could not be given to relieve the poverty of him who had so well deserved. We might suppose that the wealthy citizens would pay liberal tithes to one by whom their all had been saved. Chaste dames and coy virgins, exulting that their purity had not been violated by a licentious soldiery, would naturally crowd around their protector, and the blushes of a thousand cheeks attest that modesty had not been injured. But he, who should draw this conclusion, and imagine that even useful poverty must necessarily be recompensed, would prove himself a rash and unobserving man. We might allow the benevolence of his own heart, but what should we think of his knowledge of the hearts of others? That men are not always grateful for signal favours, that poverty is ever contemptible, even when accompanied by merit, may be learned in the course of every day's experience, may be learned from the sequel of the story, which began this sermon. Though *all* men, natives of the besieged city, had such occasion to recollect their benefactor, yet the mortifying conclusion of the narrative is, that, in the words of my text, *no man remembered that same poor man!*

However penury may be disdained by those selfish ones, whom legacies and avarice have enriched, we find that the best friend of man abounded in benedictions of the poor. In the sermon on the mount, a much more accurate and eloquent discourse, than any of Masillon's, the *poor* in spirit are especially named, and a kingdom promised them, surpassing all the thrones and principalities of Europe. It was not the magnificent palace, it was not the Usurer's bank, it was the poor man's hovel, it was the recess of the forlorn outcast which the son of the carpenter visited. To the *poor* the Gospel was preached: it was a *poor* widow whose two *mites* shone more brilliantly in the eyes of one, not likely to be dazzled, than all the gold of those opulent contributers, who cast in much to the Jewish treasury. The rich man, querying concerning future life, is told that a sale of his possessions, and liberal donations to the *poor* are essential to salvation. While wealth and power and rank were neglected, *poor* shepherds enjoyed the honour of a glorious annunciation. The companions of the son of Mary were not the opulent pharisee, and the Roman patrician, but the *poor* fishermen of Galilee. When dispatched to exercise the functions of apostleship, they were forbidden *purse* or scrip. The wealthiest of them was worth but thirty pieces of silver, and those Judas gained by speculating upon his saviour. The close of the bargain might prove that poverty was better than riches. His title to the cash proved more rotten than a Georgia purchase. As he was hanged for his pains, his money raised him for a time, but then 'it was fifty cubits higher than he dreamed of.'

POLITE LITERATURE.

FOR THE PORT FOLIO.

THE TRIPOD OF HELEN....A TALE.

FROM THE POSTHUMOUS WORKS OF MARMONTEL.

[Continued.]

Phizon was a sort of solitary bear, so savage that his own fellow-citizens scarcely dared accost him. The deputies, with a civil salutation, presented him the golden tripod, sent by Apollo to the wisest of wise men. Go your ways, said he, somewhat roughly....Apollo knows his man; I am not the wiseacre to whom you are directed, and a golden tripod is not the thing for me to boil my black broth upon.

It is well known, said they, that you despise riches, sloth, and pleasure; that your life is of exemplary self-denial, even among Spartans; and that in solitude, trampling under foot the vices, pleasures, and vanities of this world, you preserve over all your senses the empire of free reason, and the controul of an energetic soul; we think, therefore, that we fulfil the injunctions of the Oracle in presenting you this tripod, devoted to the wisest of men.

I would accept it, said he, if I could believe of myself a quarter part of what you tell me; but before a God, so clear sighted into the souls of men, there is no attempting to pass for better than we are. I am called a misanthropist, and justly; but, in hating mankind, I except not even myself from this universal hatred; and there is not, upon earth, a man with whom I am more dissatisfied than with myself.....You are too modest, said they. No, I am sincere.... I began by persuading myself that social man was an unnatural being; and became a savage, in the hope of becoming better and happier. Weariness, anxiety, and dejection soon undeceived me; but it was too late....my character was gone forth to the world, and, to support it, I forced it still more. I improved upon the rigour of Spartan manners, and I have the credit of despising still more disdainfully than they those good things which I have not to enjoy.

But why should I be chagrined to know that others enjoy those vanities, which I deny myself? What harm have the arts of Corinth and Athens, the luxuries of Asia, the delights of Sybaris done to me? I have too much peevishness for a truly wise man.

If I were really happy myself, with my frugality, why should I be indignant at seeing others happy with their opulence, and in a different manner. I have often said to myself that if all Greece should adopt Spartan manners, Sparta would be enslaved. The effeminancy of her neighbours is her security. So that I ought to have rejoiced at the voluptuous manners which prevailed elsewhere: so far from which, I never think of those festivities, of those pageantries, of those banquets, which enervated men indulge themselves in, without feeling some degree of vexation; and to console myself I am obliged to revile them! And is this wisdom? Oh, no! 'Tis suffering pride, taking vengeance for the privations to which it has doomed itself. A truly wise man would be contented with the lot assigned him by the Gods, by Fortune, or by the choice of his own reason, and without emotion would suffer all the world to live as they pleased. For my own part, when I found my heart, I find where the wound lies, and discover that Envy has concealed her leaven at the bottom of my misanthropy. Excuse me, therefore, from accepting a prize, which belongs not to me, and see if Cleobulus of Lindos, in the island of Rhodes, may not be the man you are looking for. He tastes the pleasures of life with moderation and in peace, possessed of wealth, of which he makes a good use, and which is not possessed of him; he is happy and free, and is willing that the rest of the world should be as free and happy as himself.

Very true, said the deputies: the man who best knows how to enjoy, without abusing, must, indeed, be the wisest of men; upon which they took their departure for Lindos, where Cleobulus had just been placed at the head of the public affairs.

As they entered the porch of the palace, a young and beautiful woman advanced with deliberate step towards them, modestly attired in a linen garment, whiter than snow, with a sky-blue ribbon girt about her waist. Her dark hair floated in ringlets round her ivory neck, and characteristic goodness shone in all its loveliness upon her brow. It was the charming Eumetis; one of those celebrated women, whose memory Time has been careful to preserve. She was the daughter of Cleobulus, and the people took a pleasure in calling her Cleobulina. She was the faithful counsellor of her father, and at once his glory and delight.

As soon as the delegates had made themselves known: strangers, said she, introducing them into the palace, be not offended if you have to wait a little for my father....just at this time he is giving an audience to his people; you would not wish him to abridge, on your account, the most sacred of his functions: but I will inform him of your arrival, the moment he is at liberty.

She then entered into a conversation with them, concerning the manners, laws, customs, commerce, arts, alliances, and rivalties of the several Grecian states, discovering an extent of information, and a character of mind, so much above her age, that they were almost tempted to offer her the tripod they had brought for her father. Astonishing woman! said they, how well

do you deserve the testimonial given of you, by Thales, at Corinth, in the palace of Periander.... that you were worthy of ruling a great nation! Happy, truly happy must that people be, who are subject to the father of such a daughter; this must be the pre-eminently wise man, to whom the Oracle of Apollo has commanded us to offer this present; and then they told her the story of the golden tripod.

Indeed, said she, I very much fear my father will refuse it. He has formed to himself so exalted an idea of true wisdom, that he is far from hoping ever to attain it.

As she spoke these words, she perceived a crowd of people pouring out through the porch of the palace; and, after examining inquisitively every countenance, exclaimed, Heaven be praised, they all go away satisfied: then with light step she tripped away to her father.

Exhausted with fatigue, Cleobulus, as she approached, broke out in complaints. Nay, I am worn out....say what thou wilt, I can stand it no longer. Those people would every one of them wield the sceptre. There is not a man among them but thinks, that, in giving me his vote, he resigned his own seat to me, and that he ought at least to hold a place in my councils. They are all politicians, all generals, all lawyers, all merchants, and what not? and the more incapable the man, the more obstinately bent is he upon his own fancies.

Come, come, dear father, said Cleobulina, embracing him with a lovely cheerfulness; yet a little more patience. Common sense, we know, is scarce, and self-conceit is foolish. But if all the world were wise, there would be no need of a king. Have you listened to them all? Yes, I rejected none. Well then, be of good cheer, and in time they will become more rational, and submit to be made happy. At present, certain strangers desire admission to you, sent, as they say, by the Delphian Apollo, to present you, in his name, a gift of great price.

When the deputies from Cos and Miletus had delivered their harangue, Cleobulus, astonished, confused, at the honour conferred on him, thus testified his surprise....What, said he, have you not a Thales at Miletus, a Bias at Prienne, a Solon at Athens, a Chilon and a Phizon at Lacedemon, much wiser men than me?

What could we do? answered one of the Milesians, we have seen them all, and they shift off the glory from one to the other like a foot-ball. Not one of them will acknowledge himself wise; each pretending to have his peculiar foible, and his corner for folly.

Well, replied he, and have not I mine? You talk of my wisdom....there she is....'tis she, whose sweet conciliating temper smooths down the asperity of my character and manners. Observe that undisguised, affable, and amiable aspect; that grace, that simplicity of deportment, that bloom of twenty, still so fresh and attractive, there it is that a heart full of courage and generosity is seated; there it is that dwells a soul full of fortitude and of goodness; and if I myself have any reputation for goodness, I owe it all to my daughter....But for her I should be an unsocial being....My dear father, how can you say.....The truth, my dear; the naked truth, as is due to the messengers of a god, from whom nothing is concealed. Yes, gentlemen, I am afflicted with an incurable distemper: with an invincible antipathy to one half of the human race. I cannot endure fools. I have travelled, in hopes of escaping from them, in vain. Everywhere they return upon me, and every where torture me. I fly from the south, and think to leave them behind me, but I find them waiting for me at the north. Like a swarm of gnats, they seem to fly after me. Weary of attempting to avoid them, I finally came home, and surrendered myself up to them; but I cannot use myself to them.

Fools, said the deputies, are, indeed, a very troublesome tribe; but what would you do, should you find yourself always surrounded by the wicked and the mad? Nay, returned Cleobulus, the mad are few in number, and are confined; when not mischievous they are ever pitied. The wicked are marked with a stamp; they seldom escape punishment; and may be guarded against, until the law delivers us of them. But the fools! alas! the fools, are the undestructible race, and swarm with impunity....Not a law against them....They walk with heads elate, and every where have the advantage of numbers, of impudence, and of intrepidity. Well, but what harm have they done you? That is the very question I put to myself, without finding a satisfactory answer. But the instant I spy them out, however distant, my nerves thrill; my blood kindles; even before I can hear them, I detect them, by my feelings. That swelling air of fatuity, satisfied with their own merit, sure of their own advantages, that self-sufficiency so complacent to themselves, and so negligent of the esteem of others; that earnestness to interrupt a wiser man, to teach him what they know least, and he knows best; that pert and presumptuous tone; that persuasion of success, past, present, and to come, in all they say; that false, bold, and affected show of reason, staggering from blunder to blunder, shocking common sense and propriety on every side, and uttering for novelties, for unheard of truths, the most trivial errors: it puts me to the last gasp of desperation.

You are very much in the right, said one of the deputies; those people are insufferable. No, I am not in the right, said Cleobulus, I am very sensible of it: my impatience is that of a madman; for, after all, these distorted genuises are a species by themselves, like so many other.... Must all the trees of the forest be as straight as the cedar? Fools are the brambles of the human species; and every where brambles abound. Have compassion, then, upon a weak man, who cannot bear to live with fools; but take my word for it, you must go for your wise man to Lesbos, where Pittacus welcomes and listens to all the world, with indefatigable kindness and perseverance, and can return from giving audience without a burning fever in his blood. If, in all Greece, there be one truly wise man, that man is Pittacus.

(To be continued.)

FOR THE PORT FOLIO.

AN AUTHOR'S EVENINGS.

FROM THE SHOP OF MESSRS. COLON AND SPONDEE.

I find, from no infrequent experience, that my literary evenings often run into midnight, not to say morning hours, whenever the pages of some enchanting author are the charm which drives away the drowsy vapours of sleep. A *new* book, from that passion for variety and novelty, so natural to every excursive reader, excites the mind to such a degree, that it fondly clings to the object of its care, when business calls away, or friendship invites to relaxation. Hayley's memorials of Cowper have enchained my attention for several hours, and that my readers may be interested in my studies as well as myself, I have copied Cowper's pathetic address to Mrs. Unwin, his affectionate and aged friend.

TO MARY.

The twentieth year is well nigh past,
Since first our sky was over-cast,
Ah would that this might be the last!
My Mary!

Thy spirits have a fainter flow
I see thee daily weaker grow....
'Twas my distress that brought thee low,
My Mary!

Thy needles once a shining store!
For my sake restless heretofore;
Now rust disus'd, and shine no more,
My Mary!

For though thou gladly would'st fulfil
The same kind office for me still,
Thy sight now seconds not thy will,
My Mary!

But well thou play'd'st the huswife's part;
And all thy threads, with magic art,
Have wound themselves about this heart,
My Mary!

Thy indistinct expressions seem
Like language utter'd in a dream;
Yet me they charm, whate'er the theme,
My Mary!

Thy silver locks, once auburn bright!
Are still more lovely in my sight
Than golden beams of orient light,
My Mary!

For could I view nor them nor thee,
What sight worth seeing could I see?
The sun would rise in vain for me,
My Mary!

Partakers of thy sad decline,
Thy hands their little force resign;
Yet, gently prest, press gently mine,
My Mary!

Such feebleness of limbs thou prov'st
That now, at every step thou mov'st
Upheld by two, yet still thou lov'st,
My Mary!

And still to love, though prest with ill;
In wint'ry age to feel no chill,
With me is to be lovely still,
My Mary!

But ah! by constant heed I know,
How oft the sadness that I show,
Transforms thy smiles to looks of woe,
My Mary!

And should my future lot be cast,
With much resemblance of the past,
Thy worn out heart will break at last,
My Mary!

I know no species of literary composition more degraded than that of dedication. Its topics are generally trite, and its falsehood is often glaring. Fawning servility is the characteristic of the author, and more than mortal perfections are commonly ascribed to the patron. If we look into the dedications of Dryden, and into those of many of his contemporaries, the good sense of the reader is insulted by the wildness of their panegyric, and his piety is often shocked by the frequency of their blasphemies. From all unmanly and noxious defects the following, prefixed to a late elegant volume of travels, is free, and a young man of letters hails his sire in the tone of filial affection, and in the honest idiom of truth and nature.

" My dear father,

In looking around me for a name, truly great, to prefix to my work, my country offered many, distinguished for intelligence, for patriotism, and for great achievements: but the feelings of a son prompted to a different choice; and, with emotions of gratitude and affection, for the blessings of existence, education, and example, to you I dedicate the first fruits of your bounties. The name of a hero, or statesman, might flatter my vanity, but yours affords a more tender gratification. Your name has not been found in the annals of

Europe, but your private condition presents more genuine pleasures. Retired on your estate, you promote and cherish the happiness of every heart around you; and while you are occupied in the advancement of agriculture, that noblest art, that truest source of national wealth, and best contributor to human felicity, you enjoy the contentment of a peaceful and virtuous life.

During my long absence, Memory, faithful to her first impressions, has frequently recalled to me the pleasing scenes of my youth; and often, amid the noise of splendid entertainments, and surrounded by a brilliant crowd, I have heav'd a sigh, and found myself a stranger and alone! Distance has sharpened the recollection, and my anxious wishes have been involuntarily turned to your happy retreat.

It is a truth, confirmed by every day's experience, in individuals as well as in societies, that they diminish their happiness, in proportion to their departure from nature. My distant excursions, my long journies, only serve to strengthen my desire of reposing under the shade of your trees, and in the bosom of domestic retirement.

Happy shall I be, sir, if in putting these volumes into your hands, I may, in the smallest degree, contribute to your amusement. I seek no other success, I ask no other reward, but to convince you, that the time, which I have spent in travelling, has not been wholly lost; and that in changing climates and countries, I have never deviated from the dutiful respect and tenderness with which I am your affectionate son."

BIOGRAPHY.

[To obtain *Original* articles of biography for this paper, has always been a favourite object of the Editor. He has often solicited such of the literati, as he has deemed fully competent to the task, to oblige him, and instruct others, with the memoirs of men, who have adorned their country. He has not been very fortunate in his applications, and from the indolence of writers, rather than from any lack of materials, the curious and the studious of America have yet to survey the first specimens of the lives of the learned in their own country. In this exigency, with a total penury of *original* materials, it is the duty of the conductor of a journal to look abroad, and running his eye over a wide expanse of literature, endeavour to select something that, haply, may combine *novelty* with beauty and use. Lord Viscount Strangford, an elegant scholar, and an harmonious poet, has just published, London 1803, a translation of the Madrigals and Sonnets of CAMOENS, to which is prefixed the life of that celebrated genius of Portugal. This interesting volume, by the kindness of a literary friend, is now in the Editor's possession, and the ensuing biography is copied as an article unquestionably *novel* on this side of the Atlantic.]

THE LIFE OF CAMOENS.

THE AUTHOR OF "THE LUSIAD."

It has been frequently observed, that the memoirs of literary men are, in general, so devoid of extraordinary incident, that the relation of them is calculated more to instruct than to amuse. The life of Camoens forms an exception to this remark. Its vicissitudes were so many and so various, as almost to encourage a belief, that, in describing them, the deficiencies of fact were sometimes supplied by the pencil of romance.

The late ingenious translator of the Lusiad has pourtrayed the character, and narrated the misfortunes of our poet, in a manner more honourable to his feelings as a man, than to his accuracy in point of biographical detail. It is with diffidence that the present writer essays to correct his errors; but as the real circumstances of the life of Camoens are mostly to be found in his own minor compositions, with which Mr. Mickle was unacquainted, he trusts that certain information will atone for his presumption.

The family of Camoens was illustrious, and originally Spanish. They were long settled at Cadmon,* a castle in Galicia, from which they probably derived their patronymic appellation. However, there are some who maintain that their name alluded to a certain wonderful bird,† whose mischievous sagacity discovered and punished the smallest deviation from conjugal fidelity. A lady of the house of Cadmon, whose conduct had been rather indiscreet, demanded to be tried by this extraordinary judge. Her innocence was proved, and, in gratitude to the being who had restored him to matrimonial felicity, the contented husband adopted his name.

In the fourteenth century, a dispute having arisen between the families of Cadmon and De Castera,‡ a knight of the former had the misfortune to kill a cavalier belonging to the latter. A long train of persecution ensued, to escape from which, Ruy de Camoens embraced the cause of king Ferdinand,‖ and removed with his family into Portugal, under the protection of that monarch, about the year 1370. His son, Vasco de Camoens, was highly distinguished by royal favour,§ but had the superior honour of being the ancestor of our immortal poet, who descended from him in the fourth generation.

Luis de Camoens was born at Lisbon, about the year 1542.** His misfortunes began with his birth, for he never saw the smile of a father; Simon Vaz de Camoens having perished by shipwreck in the very year which gave being to his son. Such, at least, is the received opinion, although there be many reasons for calling it into question.†† Notwithstanding the diminution of wealth, which the family sustained in consequence of this event, the youthful Camoens was sent to the university of Coimbra,‡‡ and maintained there by the provident care of his surviving parent.

The ideas associated with the place of our education are generally lasting. It is the peculiarity of poetical minds to recal them with delight, and Camoens frequently mentions Coimbra, where he was fostered on the "lap of science," with all the tender gratitude of an affectionate son. During the period which he passed at the university, he was an utter stranger to that passion, with which he afterwards became so intimately acquainted. It is even recorded, that, while the manly graces of his person inspired many of the better sex with admiration, he treated his fair captives with disdain, or at most as the mere objects of temporary transport.

But the scene was soon to be changed, and on his arrival at Lisbon, he was destined to feel the full vengeance of that god whose power he had contemned. Love is very nearly allied to devotion, and it was in the exercise of the latter that Camoens was introduced to the knowledge of the former. In the church of Christ's Wounds, at Lisbon, on the 11th of April, 1542, he first beheld Donna Caterina de Ataide, the object of his purest and earliest attachment. The churches of Spain and Portugal, says Scarron, are the very cradles of intrigue; and it was not long before Camoens enjoyed an opportunity of declaring his affection, with all the romantic ardour of eighteen, and of a poet.

But, in those days, love was a state of no trifling probation, and ladies then unconscionably expected a period of almost chivalrous servitude, which, happily for gentlemen, is no longer required. The punctilious severity of his mistress formed the subject of our poet's most tender complaints; for, though her heart had secretly decided in his favour, still Portuguese delicacy suppressed all avowal of her passion. After many months of adoration, when he humbly besought a ringlet of her hair, she was so far softened by his entreaties, as to make a compromise with prudery, and bestow one of the silken fillets which encircled her head! These anecdotes must not be despised, for they mark the temper of the times.

The peculiar situation of Donna Caterina (that of one of the queen's ladies) imposed an uniform restraint on her lover, which soon became intolerable. Like another Ovid, he violated the sanctity of the royal precincts, and was in consequence banished from the court. With the precise nature of his offence we are unacquainted, but it too probably arose from a breach of discretion, the first and noblest amongst the laws of gallantry. Whatsoever it might have been, it furnished a happy pretext to the lady's relations for terminating an intercourse which worldly considerations rendered, on her part, of the highest imprudence. But Love prepared consolation for his votary, where least he expected it. On the morning of his departure, his mistress relented from her wonted severity, and confessed the secret of her long-concealed affection. The sighs of grief were soon lost in those of mutual delight, and the hour of parting was, perhaps, the sweetest of our poet's existence. Thus comforted, he removed to Santarem, (the scene of his banishment), but speedily returned to Lisbon, again tasted of transport, was a second time detected, and a second time driven into exile. To such a spirit as Camoens, the inactivity of this situation must have proved insupportable; the voice of Love whispered a secret reproach, and inspired him with the glorious resolution of conquering the obstacles which fortune had placed between him and felicity. He accordingly sought and obtained permission to accompany king John III.* in an expedition then concerted against the Moors in Africa. Here, whilst bravely fighting under the commands of a near relation,† he was deprived of his right eye, by some splinters from the vessel in which he was stationed. Many of his most pathetic compositions were written during this campaign, and the toils of a martial life were sweetened by the recollection of her for whom they were endured.

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* Faria y Soussa, V. del P. § iii.

† The *Camaõ*. Our poet himself gives a somewhat different account of the matter. (*Quintil. a huma dama*, v. 190.) Formerly every well regulated family in Spain retained one of these terrible attendants. The infidelity of its mistress was the only circumstance which could deprive it of life. Should her guilt have been extended to any degree beyond a wish, the faithful bird immediately betrayed it, by expiring at the feet of its injured lord. It soon was difficult to find a *Camaõ* that had lived in the same family during three generations; and at length the species became entirely extinct!

This odious distrust of female honour is ever characteristic of a barbarous age. The *Camaõ* of Spain, and the *Mumbo* of Africa, are expedients indicative of equal refinement.

‡ *Salgado de Araujo.*—Casas de Galicia, p. 304.

‖ *Garcez Ferreyra.*—Vid. do Poet. Edit. Gendron. § iii.

§ King Ferdinand invested him with the lordships of Portalegre, Alam-quer, &c. *Faria.*

** The place of his nativity is ascertained by his frequent application of the epithet '*paternal*' to the Tagus; the time of it is involved in some obscurity, but an entry in the register of the Portuguese India House appears to determine it. He is there stated to have been twenty-five years old in 1550. *Faria.* Vid. do Poet.

†† The same register mentions him as one of his son's sureties, and, consequently, living in 1550.

‡‡ Faria y Sousa—Severim—Ferreyra.

* Of this monarch Camoens gives a fine character in one comprehensive line:

"Foy rey, fez tudo quanto a rey se deve" Son. LIX.
He was a king—in every act a king.

† Sousa says, under those of his father. Vida § xiv.

His heroic conduct in many engagements, at length purchased his recal to court. He hastened home, fraught with the most tender anticipations, and found—what must have been his feelings? that his mistress was no more!

There can scarcely be conceived a more interesting theme for the visions of romance, than the death of this young and amiable being. The circumstances of her fate are peculiarly favourable to the exercise of conjecture. She loved, she was beloved, yet unfortunate in her attachment, she was torn from the world at the early age of twenty; and we cannot but adorn her grave with some of the wildest flowers which fancy produces. But her lot was enviable, compared to that of her lover. The measure of his sorrows was yet imperfect. He had still to encounter the cruel neglect of that nation, whose glory his valour had contributed to maintain. The claims of mere merit are too often disregarded, but those which are founded on the gratitude of courts are hopeless indeed! Long years were passed by Camoens in unsuccessful application for the reward which his services demanded,* and in suing for his rights at the feet of men whom he could not but despise. This was a degradation which his high spirit knew not how to endure, and he accordingly bade adieu to Portugal, to seek, under the burning suns of India, that independence which his own country denied.†

There are some who attribute this event to a very different cause, and assert that Camoens quitted Lisbon in consequence of a discovered intrigue with the beautiful wife of a Portuguese gentleman.‡ Perhaps this story may not be wholly unfounded. It is improbable that he remained long constant to the memory of a departed mistress, when living beauty was ready to supply her place. His was not a heart that could safely defy temptation, although the barbarous ingenuity of some commentators would make us believe that all his amours were purely platonic, and that he was ignorant of the passion in every other respect. Happily for himself, the case was different, and his works record that he more than once indulged in the little wanderings of amatory frolic.‖

On his arrival in India, we find that Camoens contributed, in no small measure, to the success of an expedition against the Pimenta Isles, carried on by the king of Cochin and his allies, the Portuguese. His own recital of this affair exhibits all the charming modesty of merit. In the following year (1555) Manuel de Vasconselos conducted an armament to the Red Sea. Our poet accompanied him, and, with the intrepid curiosity of genius, explored the wild regions of Africa by which Mount Felix is surrounded. Here his mind was stored with sketches of scenery, which afterwards formed some of the most finished pictures in his Lusiad, and in other compositions, to the former of which, on returning to Goa, he devoted his whole attention.

India, at that time, presented a scene of political depravity, which no subsequent period has exceeded. Practices were tolerated, which eventually wrought the downfal of the government by whom they were authorised: hordes of hungry adventurers rioted on the spoils of the friendless natives, and the demons of rapacity and avarice were every where exalted into gods. The spirit of Camoens rose in revolt against the enormities by which he was surrounded. An opportunity of declaring his disgust at length occurred. The arrival of a new governor, at Goa, was celebrated by the exhibition of a kind of tournament, in which reeds were employed in place of lances, thence called '*the Sport of the Canes.*' Camoens published a satirical account of this affair, in which he described the chief men of Goa, as adorned with allegorical devices, &c. allusive to the conduct of each.* In consequence of this, he was banished to China, by order of Barreto, the governor, against whom the bard's attack had been principally directed.

This proceeding of Camoens has not escaped reprehension. He has been accused of ingratitude; but how could he be ungrateful, who never had a friend? His rashness in provoking the anger of the great, has likewise been censured by the cold-blooded moderation of worldly men; men to whom truth itself seems a libel, if it offend the dignity of a grandee.† Yet, though it be a mournful fact that prudence and genius but rarely accord, is the sacrifice of the former to be regretted, when it makes way for the punishment of vice, by the bold utterance of honest indignation? On this principle, the conduct of our author appears almost free from blame, and, perhaps, he was only culpable in suffering resentment to give too high a colouring to the sketches of truth.

The adventures of Camoens in China, the temporary prosperity which he there experienced, and the numerous sorrows and persecutions which he afterwards encountered, have been fully and elegantly detailed by the late ingenious translator of the Lusiad. To this narration the present writer begs to refer, lest he should extend these remarks beyond their proper bounds.

After an absence of sixteen years, Camoens was compelled to return to Portugal, poor and friendless as when he departed. His immortal Lusiad was now ready for pubilcation, which, however, was delayed, in consequence of the violence with which the plague then raged throughout Lisbon. At length, in the summer of 1572, it was printed, and received with all the honour due to such a glorious achievement of genius. It is even asserted that king Sebastian, to whom it was inscribed, rewarded the author with a pension of 375 *reis*.‡ But, admitting the truth of this very doubtful story, our poet could not have remained long in possession of the royal bounty. Sebastian was speedily hurled from a tottering throne, and liberality was a stranger to the soul of his successor. To his eyes the cowl of monkhood seemed a more graceful ornament than the noblest laurels of the muse.‖ Such was the spirit which patronized De Sá,* and suffered the author of the Lusiad to starve!

The latter years of Camoens present a mournful picture, not merely of individual calamity, but of national ingratitude. He whose best years had been devoted to the service of his country, he, who had taught her literary fame to rival the proudest efforts of Italy itself, and who seemed born to revive the remembrance of ancient gentility and Lusian heroism, was compelled, in age, to wander through the streets, a wretched dependent on casual contribution. One friend alone remained to smooth his downward path, and guide his steps to the grave, with gentleness and consolation. It was Antonio, his slave, a native of Java, who had accompanied Camoens to Europe, after having saved him from the waves, when shipwrecked at the mouth of the Mecon. This faithful attendant was wont to seek alms throughout Lisbon, and at night shared the produce of the day with his poor and broken-hearted master. Blessed, forever blessed, be the memory of this amiable Indian! But his friendship was employed in vain: Camoens sank beneath the pressure of penury and disease, and died in an alms-house,† early in the year 1579. He was buried in the church of St. Anne of the Franciscans. Over his grave Gonçalo Coutinho placed the following inscription,‡ which, for comprehensive simplicity, the translator ventures to prefer to almost every production of a similar kind:

HERE LIES LUIS DE CAMOENS:
HE EXCELLED ALL THE POETS OF HIS TIME.
HE LIVED POOR AND MISERABLE;
AND HE DIED SO.
MDLXXIX.

It has been justly observed, that the fate of Camoens, considered in a political view, bears an intimate connexion with that of his country. The same degradation of national sentiment, which suffered such a man to become a beggar and an outcast, not long afterwards plunged Portugal into the lowest disgrace, and reduced her to the abject state of a conquered province. So true it is, that the decline of public spirit in matters of taste is a certain indication of political decay.‖

(To be continued.)

FOR THE PORT FOLIO.

ORIGINAL LETTERS

FROM DR. FRANKLIN, SILAS DEANE, ARTHUR LEE, &c.

[Continued.]

Victoria, in Spain, March 11, 1777.

DEAR SIR,

I endeavour to communicate to you as soon as possible the pleasure I enjoyed upon receiving the intelligence of which the enclosed is a copy. I hope you will be able to have it insert-

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* Joseph de Aquino. Vid. do Poet. p. 132. edit. 1782.

† "*As derradeiras palavras que na nao disse foraõ as de Scipiao Africano, Ingratapatria, non possidis ossea mea!*" The last words which I uttered on board of the vessel were those of Scipio—Ungrateful country! thou shalt not even possess my bones. Such are the expressions of Camoens, in a letter written from India, to a friend at Lisbon. The whole of this composition is interesting, and pathetic in the extreme.

‡ Mickle—Life of Camoens. Unfortunately Mr. M. does not cite any authority for this supposition.

‖ Those who are desirous of further information on this subject, may obtain a very curious anecdote by consulting Sousa. Vid. del P. § xxxii.

* He likewise wrote some verses intitled 'Disparates na India,' which severely animadverted on the mal-administration of the new governor.

† Amongst others, Mons. Du Perron de Castera, the French translator of the Lusiad.

‡ When Sebastian undertook the Moorish expedition, assured of victory, he brought a poet with him to Africa, to witness his exploits, and to celebrate them in song. The person selected for this office was Diego Bernardes, a man of poor and despicable abilities. Had Camoens been really a *protege* of the monarch, it is much more probable that he would have attended him, whose

Sword and pen were rivals in renown.

‖ In the preface to the edition of Camoens, printed in 1782, vol. i. p. 59, there is an attempt to vindicate the character of cardinal Henry from the strictures of Mr. Mickle. But the voice of history cannot be silenced, and history is loud in his condemnation.

* Sousa. Vid. § xxvii. Francisco de Sa was an author much in favour with cardinal Henry. His muse was of a theological turn. He wrote orthodox sonnets to St. John, and pious little epigrams on Adam and Eve, &c.

† The place of his death is differently mentioned by Manoel de Faria. According to that commentator, he died in his own miserable hovel, close to the church in which he was interred.

‡ Sousa. Vid. §. Some years afterwards, Don Gonsalves Camera caused a long and pompous epitaph to be engraved on the same tomb. But this posthumous panegyric only added deeper disgrace to the facts recorded in the former inscription.

‖ Of this opinion was Camoens himself. In a letter to Don Francisco de Almeyda, written a few days before his death, he has these prophetic expressions: "Veran todos que fuy tan aficionado a mi patria, que no solo bòlvi para morir en ella, mas para morir con ella!"—"The world shall witness how dearly I have loved my country. I have returned, not merely to die in her bosom, but to die with her!" Sousa. Vid. § xxv.

ed in your gazettes, and if a translation of it in German, with a hint, that no cartel is settled, by the King of Great Britain, by which the Germans can hope to be relieved from their captivity in America, when taken, were contrived to be distributed among the German troops before they embark it would probably occasion some mutiny or desertion, that would retard, if not prevent these wicked operations.

I have the honour of being
with great esteem, dear Sir,
your most obedient servant,
ARTHUR LEE.

Mr. Dumas.

December 31st, 1775. This morning Congress received the following letter from General Washington:

Head-Quarters, Newton,
27th December, 1776.

SIR,

I have the pleasure of congratulating you on the success of an enterprize, which I had formed against a detachment of the enemy lying in Trenton, and which was executed yesterday morning.

The evening of the 25th I ordered the troops intended for this service, to parade back of Mr. Kenky's ferry, that they might begin to pass as soon as it grew dark, imagining we should be able to throw them all over, with the necessary artillery by twelve o'clock and that we might easily arrive at Trenton by five in the morning, the distance being about nine miles. But the quantity of ice made that night impeded the passage of the boats, so much that it was three o'clock before the artillery could all be got over and near four o'clock before the troops took up their line of march.

I formed my detachment into two divisions, one to march up the lower or river road, the other by the upper or Pennington road. As the divisions had nearly the same distance to march, I ordered each of them immediately on forcing the out-guard, to push directly into the town, that they might charge the enemy before they had time to form. The upper division arrived at the enemy's advance post, exactly at eight o'clock, and in three minutes after, I found by the fire on the lower road, that division had also got up. The out-guards made but a small opposition, though for their numbers they behaved very well, keeping up a constant retreating fire from behind houses.

We presently saw their main body formed, but from their motions they seemed undetermined how to act. Being hard pressed by our troops, who had already got possession of part of their artillery, they attempted to file off by a road on their right, leading to Princeton; but perceiving their intention, I threw a body of troops in their way, which immediately checked them. Finding from our disposition, that they were surrounded and must inevitably be cut in pieces if they made any further resistance, they agreed to lay down their arms. The number that submitted in this manner was twenty-three officers and eight hundred and eighty-six men. Col. Rohl the commanding officer and seven others were found wounded in the town. I do not know how many they had killed, but I fancy not above twenty or thirty as they never made any regular stand. Our loss is very trifling indeed; only two officers, and one or two privates wounded. I find the detachment of the enemy consisted of the three Hessian regiments of Landspatch; Kniphausen and Rohl; amounting to about fifteen hundred men and a troop of British light-horse; but immediately upon the beginning of the attack, all those who were not killed or taken, pushed directly down the road towards Bordentown. These would likewise have fallen into our hands, could my plan have been completely carried into execution. General Ewing was to have crossed before day at Trenton ferry and taken possession of the bridge leading out of town; but the quantity of ice was so great, that though he did every thing in his power to effect it, he could not get over. This difficulty also hindered General Cadwallader from crossing with the Pennsylvania militia from Bristol. He got part of the foot over, but finding it impossible to embark his artillery he was obliged to desist. I am fully confident, that could the troops under General Ewing and Cadwallader have passed the river, I should have been able, with their assistance to have driven the enemy from all their posts below Trenton. But the numbers I had with me, being inferior to theirs below me, and a strong battalion of light-infantry being at Princeton, above me, I thought it most prudent to return the same evening with the prisoners and the artillery we had taken. We found no stores of any consequence in the town. In justice to the officers and men, I must add, that their behaviour on this occasion reflects the highest honour upon them. The difficulty of passing the river in a very severe night and their march through a violent storm of hail and snow, did not in the least abate their ardour; but when they came to the charge, each seemed to vie with the other, in pressing forward, and were I to give the preference to any particular corps, I should do great injustice to the others. Col. Baylor my first aid du camp, will have the honour of delivering you this, and from him you may be made acquainted with several other particulars. His spirited behaviour on every occasion requires me to recommend him to your particular notice.

I have the honour to be with great respect,
Sir,
Your most humble servant,
G. WASHINGTON.

Return of prisoners, artillery and stores taken as above.

Regiment of Landspatch—1 lieutenant-colonel, 1 major, 2 captain, 3 lieutenants, 4 ensigns, 48 serjeants, 6 drummers, 5 musicians, 9 officers' servants, 206 rank and file.

Regiment of Kniphausen—1 major, 2 captains, 2 lieutenants, 8 ensigns, 23 serjeants, 6 drummers, 6 officers' servants, 258 rank and file.

Regiment of Rohl—1 colonel, 1 lieutenant-col. 1 major, 1 captain, 2 lieutenants, 5 ensigns, 2 surgeons'-mates, 25 serjeants, 8 drummers, 4 musicians, 9 officers' servants, 244 rank and file.

Regiment of artillery—1 lieutenant, 4 serjeants, 1 officer's servant, 32 rank and file.

TOTAL.

1 colonel, 2 lieutenant-colonels, 3 majors, 4 captains, 8 lieutenants, 12 ensigns, 2 surgeons, 29 serjeants, 20 drummers, 9 musicians, 25 officers' servants, 740 rank and file—918 prisoners.

Six double-fortified brass three-pounders, with carriages complete. Three ammunition waggons. As many muskets, bayonets, cartouch-boxes, and swords as prisoners. 12 drums, 4 colours.

Published by order of Congress,
CHARLES THOMSON, *Sec.*

The newspapers to the 30th January contain a detail of operations in which the British troops were driven from all their posts except Brunswick and Amboy, with the loss of upwards of a thousand men and artillery, ammunition and stores. At Princeton the engagement was obstinate and bloody; General Mercer on the part of the Americans, having been run through the body three times with a bayonet, but the British troops were at length defeated with the loss of 100 killed and wounded, and 320 taken prisoners. General Howe was in Brunswick where General Washington was preparing to attack him, while General Heath was endeavouring to force his way to New-York, by carrying Kingsbridge and Fort-Washington. A letter of the 4th February adds, since the last publication, we have had an account that General Washington has taken and killed at Elizabeth-town in the Jerseys, 4 or 500 British troops, with a number of pieces of cannon and a large quantity of baggage and stores, and it is expected he will soon be in possession of New-York. There are most shocking accounts of the cruel treatment of the prisoners in New-York and of the rapes and rapine committed by the British and German troops in the Jerseys. With the savageness of Saracens they destroyed the philosophical apparatus in Princeton College, with the inestimable orrery, constructed upon an improved plan by the ingenious Dr. Rittenhouse.

N. B. The 24th regiment which had distinguished itself for cruelty is said to have suffered severely in the attack of Princeton. The newspaper account makes the killed and taken at Elizabeth-town less than 200 among whom were 80 highlanders.

MISCELLANY.

FROM "THE LOOKER-ON."

There are those who look out for solitary retreats, such as hamlets, shores, and mountains: you yourself discover a vast inclination for such abodes. All this, however, is a vulgar resource, since in fact you carry this retreat about you, to enjoy it whenever you please; for no where will a man find a more tranquil and abstracted refuge than in the recesses of his own soul—especially if he possesses within himself a fund for that sober contemplation, which begets serenity of mind. By serenity, I mean that internal repose of the spirits, which implies a certain mental equilibrium and economy. Court, as it becomes you, this true retirement, and thus renew, from time to time, your acquaintance with yourself.

Last night, after a day's close application in my study, I resolved to give my thoughts a little stretch; and for that purpose took a walk into the fields of my neighbour Blunt. As the reader is already acquainted with the transformation that has been wrought in this gentleman's character, he will not be surprised to hear that I am at present free to range where I please over his grounds; and that he has actually erected a seat for me in his chesnut groves, where, to do me all possible honour, he has caused two statues to be placed, the one representing Harpocrates, the god of silence, with his finger on his lip, and his two feet joined together; while the other, in the character of Fame, is blowing, a little rudely, her trumpet in his ear.

The evening, however, of yesterday was so fine and tranquil, that before I visited this consecrated spot, I amused myself, in the open fields, with contemplating the blue canopy over my head, and the soft effects of light and shadow on the waving corn. The author of the Plurality of Worlds has some pretty thoughts on the subject. "Il me semble pendant la nuit que tout soit en repos: on s'imagine que les étoiles marchent avec plus de silence que le soleil; les objets que le ciel présente, sont plus doux; la vue s'y arrête plus aisément: enfin, on rêve mieux, parce qu'on se flatte d' être alors dans toute la nature la seule personne occupée à rêver. Peut-être aussi que le spectacle du jour est trop uniforme; ce n'est qu'un soleil et une voûte bleue: mais il se peut que la vue de toutes ces étoiles, semées confusément, et disposées au hasard en mille figures différentes,

favourise la rêverie, et un certain désordre de pensées où l'on ne tombe point sans plaisir."

For my own part, I do not always feel these last-mentioned sensations; my mind is more pleased with revolving the immensity of a scheme which folds up in one mysterious order this boundless variety, which stretches through eternity, and fills up the measure of existence. Thus do I generally raise my thoughts to imagine as many entire worlds and systems as I see little stars above me; and am almost in the case of the crazy philosopher in Rasselas, who conceived that he had the care of the universe on his head. Last night, however, my thoughts ran chiefly on the miserable loss which those sustain, whose noisy avocations, or corrupted tastes, deny them these pleasures of contemplation, and shut them out from the knowledge of themselves, and from every opportunity of regulating and composing their thoughts by the salutary counsels of their own hearts. That δευτερον ομμα, or second sight, is only to be obtained by strong habits of reflexion, and severe contemplation.

To estimate the actions of others, we must look into the springs and motives of our own; and I know not how this reckoning is to be made, unless in the secret hours of repose and solitude. The commerce of company and fashion, in what is called high life, produces nothing but a beggarly confusion of ideas, and teaches only the completest methods of forgetting one's self and one's natural destination.

The difficulty of coming at the knowledge of themselves, must be necessarily greater in those classes of life, where so many are acting parts they were never by nature designed for: where many ladies, who might grace a kitchen, are greasing a parlour; and many fine gentlemen are wearing the coats they ought to have been employed in making. These topsy-turvy dispositions, and this desperate disorder, has ever made me turn from fashionable life with disgust and contempt; with a mixture, however, of compassion for those of my fellow-creatures whose lives are squared to this melancholy rule, and who are constrained to act in such dull scenes to the end of the drama.

It is curious to observe the different ways which different men use of shunning themselves, and the society of their own thoughts. I have known a person consume an hour in looking over a game at chess, without understanding the moves; and a neighbour of mine, being confined the other morning to his chamber by a slight cold, was found by a visitor far advanced in his fourth rubber with three dummies. A young man of fashion will travel you fifty miles in five hours, and kill a horse or two, rather than endure his own company half an hour longer; and I remember a contemporary of mine at college, who would always reserve the choosing of a coat, or the trial of a new pair of boots, for a rainy morning, when there was greatest danger of his being left to himself. I observe, that nobody cares to walk or ride, except he can find company; so that few of my countrymen can go alone. Dull company, or any company, is better than our own; and the barking of a cur by our side is very useful in breaking the tranquil currency of thought, and producing that agreeable confusion of mind, that "désordre de pensées," of which the French philosopher, quoted at the beginning of this paper, was so fond.

How different in the frame of his mind from the young men of the present day, was Eugenio, whose greatest pleasure was the cultivation of his own thoughts, and the free indulgence of meditation! It was on the lessons of his own mind that he grafted that fine judgment in human actions and affairs, from which I reaped such profit and amusement about twenty years ago. But Eugenio is gone; and though I should live to a greater age than the oldest of the Olive-branches, I never shall forget the sweetness of his countenance, and the manliness of his deportment. I have still a pleasure in recollecting the person of Eugenio: his figure was tall and graceful; but his shoulders were a little rounded, and his head drooped a little between them; the effect, perhaps, of sorrow and meditation; for, during our acquaintance together, he was under the constant pressure of bitter disappointments. In his limbs there was the finest moulding, and a certain finish about them, such as we remark in a high-bred racer: his complexion was a ruddy brown; his forehead ample; and his temple was relieved with two or three eloquent veins, where the blood rose like the mercury in a barometer, and betrayed every emotion of his mind. There was a tenderness mixed with vivacity in his eyes, that was felt and confessed by all who conversed with him: his air was open, frank, and noble; his manners easy and unconscious; his assiduities delicate and interesting.

I never shall forget an evening walk I once had with Eugenio, when I was on a visit at his father's house in Shropshire: it was in a little vista, formed in a wood, about half a mile from the house. As soon as we had entered it, he took me by the hand, and addressed me thus—"As it was here I first began to know myself, I propose here also to bring you more acquainted with your friend than you have hitherto been. To know myself, and to subdue myself, is the great lesson I have learned from my commerce with the genius of this place. It was here that I felt the force of that fine comment on the precept of Delphos, which Socrates makes to the vain-glorious Alcibiades, that, as the eye sees its image in the pupil of another, so the soul of man, to know itself, must look into the divine soul of wisdom and knowledge, and contemplate the whole Deity therein. There is no part of this ground that has not been witness to some victory I have obtained over myself. At the foot of that spotted beech, I laid down my resentment towards a scandalous neighbour of ours; near that festoon of honeysuckle, I determined to lose my right, rather than enter into a law-suit with one of my kindred: leaning against the branch of that elm which has grown into the one that is next to it, I determined to refuse an estate offered me by a rich old gentleman, in exclusion of his nearest relation: where that hornbean and that oak mix their foliage together, I resolved to guard the secret of a friend, though it should cost me my peace and my feeling: and where you see that weeping birch, and that little rivulet that runs murmuring by it, (here he heaved a profound sigh) I determined, though with many—many struggles, to shun for ever the presence of Amelia, on hearing that a person to whom she had promised herself, and who had long been supposed dead in a distant country, was returning." At these words, his head sunk upon his bosom, and his whole frame underwent a violent agitation; he stood fixed in a melancholy reverie for some moments; and as I put my hand upon his, a warm tear dropped upon it, the last, I believe, he ever shed upon this occasion.

I little suspected, at that time, how much this last sacrifice would cost Eugenio: he sunk into a settled melancholy; and every day I could trace fresh inroads on the graces of his person, and the integrity of his understanding. About a month before his departure, his despondency was visibly abated, and his spirits grew more tranquil and composed; his mind too recovered its former strength; but there was an abstraction in his looks and deportment, which indicated that his peace was built upon the prospect of a future life, and not a reconciliation with the present. He never after spoke to me of his love, or desired my company in his evening walks to the wood; but fell, by swift degrees into a hectic fever, which ended in a consumption; and Eugenio died in my arms.

About an hour before his departure, he put into my hands a little packet, which I afterwards found to contain many passages of his life, and many letters to his dear Amelia, which in the course of my papers I shall give to the public, to serve as an example to the gay youths of the present day, and those dull merry fellows who conceive that solitude is penance, and that reflection is loss of time. Ever since the death of my poor friend Eugenio, I have loved to indulge the melancholy recollection of him in solitary moonlight walks, and have ever entertained a particular fancy for natural vistas. I revere, methinks, St. Austin the more, because his conversion happened in a grove; and my contempt for Xerxes is lessened, when I consider that, in passing through Achaia, he would not permit a grove, that was dedicated to Jupiter, to be violated, but ordered his army to regard it as sacred.

But for these meditations and reckonings with one's self, little that is decent or honourable would ripen into action; life would be the anarchy of humours, and glory the grave of virtue. I am no friend to the Platonic system of ravings and reveries; but sometimes to cultivate the soul, and dilate its capacities by silent thought and reflection, is to turn our rest and indolence to account, and fit ourselves for the seasons of labour and exertion. A habit of serious thinking, arms us at every point, and plants securities round our virtue, in the moment of greatest danger, when our minds are careless and unbent, and most accessible to passion and vice.

I shall conclude my paper of to-day with an agreeable little poem, though I cannot tell the reader how I came by it; I can only tell him that it is not my own: it was among some loose papers, and caught my eye yesterday as they lay on my table. I introduce it as being applicable to my present purpose.

"Says Body to Mind, 'Tis amazing to see,
We're so nearly related, yet ne'er can agree;
But lead a most wrangling strange sort of life,
As great plagues to each other as husband and wife.
The fau't, Sir, is yours, who, with flagrant oppression,
Encroach ev'ry day on my lawful possession.
The best room in my house you have seiz'd, for your own,
And turn'd the whole tenement quite upside down;
Whilst you hourly bring in a disorderly crew
Of vagabond rogues, who have nothing to do
But to run in and out, hurry-scurry, and keep
Such a horrible uproar, I can't get to sleep.
My kitchen sometimes is as empty as sound:
I call for my servants—not one to be found;
They all are sent out on your Ladyship's errand,
To fetch some more riotous guests in, I warrant.
In short, things are growing, I find, worse and worse,
I'm determin'd to force you to alter your course.
Poor Mind, who heard all with extreme moderation,
Thought it now time to speak, and make her accusation:—
'Tis I who, methinks, have most cause to complain,
For I'm crampt and confin'd like a slave in a chain:
I did but step out on some weighty affairs,
To visit last night my good friends in the stars,
When before I was got half as high as the moon,
You dispatch'd Spleen and Vapours to hurry me down;
Vi et armis they seiz'd me, in midst of my flight,
And shut me in caverns as dark as the night.
'Twas no more, reply'd Body, than what you deserv'd:
While you rambled abroad, I at home was half-starv'd;
And unless I had closely confin'd you in hold,
You had left me to perish with hunger and cold.
I've a friend in reserve, who tho' slow is yet sure,
And will ease me, says Mind, of these pains I endure;
Will knock down your mud walls, your fabric destroy,
And leave you depriv'd of all power to annoy;
And, whilst in the dust your dull ruins decay,
I shall snap off my chains, and flee freely away."

TO SUBSCRIBERS.

The Editor's arrangements for the future management of the Port Folio require a very prompt and general settlement of arrearages. We most respectfully solicit a continuance of the kind attention of our agents to the transmission of names, and the collection of debts. Bank bills may be transmitted with facility and safety. The monies due from the country at large amount to several thousand dollars. In the arithmetic of each liberal subscriber the sum of five dollars is small, and may be easily liquidated. The aggregate of the Editor's claims would enable him to annul the expenses of his establishment, and render the Port Folio more worthy of the public favour.

LITERARY INTELLIGENCE.

Mr. Maxwell has in the press a very complete edition of Campbell's Pleasures of Hope, together with several of his minor poems including his late effusion, glowing alike with loyalty and poetry. To render this edition more valuable to purchasers the editor has added The Pleasures of Memory, by Samuel Rogers. Esq. An opinion has partially prevailed that Campbell was a Jacobin. We know not that this is true. But nothing in his celebrated poem can offend the most scrupulous in politics, and if the author ever indulged himself in any of the delusive reveries of democracy, he has proved his complete recovery from such insanity, by his last inestimable production. As a poet he may claim a place in the first rank of his contemporaries; and an edition of his greatest performance to which is superadded that far-famed and delightful Poem which so enchantingly calls up in review the most agreeable images of the past, will not fail of encouragement in a country, whose Pleasures of Memory, and Pleasures of Hope are alike vivid and cherished.

MISCELLANEOUS PARAGRAPHS.

FOR THE PORT FOLIO.

A well known and spirited writer thus describes the abuse of the press in England. In the midst of the violence of his tempest of indignation we can discern much of the radiance of truth.

The Press has long been a favourite folly in this island; it has done infinite mischief; it has, beyond all comparison done more harm than good to religion and civil liberty, as well as to politics. To the press it is that we owe the innumerable swarms of sectaries, who have for a hundred and fifty years past distracted the minds of the people, and, in some instances, led them to commit the most detestable and horrid of crimes; to the press we owe all those hard biting laws, which, though absolutely necessary for the preservation of the peace and the safety of the state must be regarded as a considerable diminution of the civil liberty enjoyed by the mass of the people. Previous to the prevalent influence of the press we owe the rebellion in Ireland, and to the press, the *English press* the world owes the rebellion and the usurpation in France.

—

A *Dutch* ambassador at a certain court receiving at his departure the portrait of the king enriched with diamonds, asked what this fine thing might be worth. Being told that it might amount to about two thousand pounds. "And why," cries he, "cannot his majesty keep the picture and give me the money?"

—

The following songs are sung at Sadler's-Wells, by Mr. Townsend, in the character of Starboard, in the burletta of Edward and Susan, written by C. Dibdin, jun.

Bold as when the forest's lord
Roused by departing day,
By force nor howling tempests aw'd,
Forth issues to the prey;
So goes the tar by glory call'd,
By foe or fate so unappall'd,
The angry deep to try,
To conquer or to die!
But, as the lamb in rural shade,
On shore no thoughts his mind pervade
But what with peace agree;
'Tis then his best delight to prove
The joys of friendship and of love
With sweet humanity.
Then comes the feast of a jovial soul
To laugh and sing and drain the bowl,
And drink with gallant three times three,
"Britannia! George! and Liberty?"

—

In Fortune's face let who will fly,
A tar must always thank her,
Not weigh a care, nor heave a sigh,
But heave and weigh the anchor.
Aloft or below,
While the breezes blow.
'Tis luff! belay!
Yo! ho! yo, yea!
Then he'll drink his grog
Like a jolly dog,
And heave and weigh the anchor.

For Britain ev'ry thing he'll dare,
In Fame's best list to rank her:
In ev'ry storm his dearest care,
To bring her to an anchor.
Aloft or below, &c.

—

The following anecdote of the humanity of Henry IV. of France is peculiarly agreeable because it is related by GOLDSMITH:

Humanity is melted into tears of tender admiration by the deportment of Henry IV. of France, while his rebellious subjects compelled him to form the blockade of his capital. In chastising his enemies he could not but remember they were his people; and knowing they were reduced to the extremity of famine, he generously connived at the methods practised to supply them with provision. Chancing one day to meet two peasants who had been detected in these practices, as they were led to execution they implored his clemency, declaring in the sight of heaven, they had no other way to procure subsistence for their wives and children. He pardoned them on the spot, and giving them all the money that was in his purse. "Henry of Bearne is poor," said he, "had he more money to afford, you should have it. Go home to your family in peace; and remember your duty to God and your allegiance to your sovereign."

—

It is not enough, in factious times, that a man means well to his country. It is not enough that in his single person, he never does political evil, but always votes according to his conscience and even harrangues against every design which he apprehends to be prejucicial to the interests of his country. This innoxious and ineffectual character, that seems formed upon a plan of apology and exculpation falls miserably short of the mark of public duty. That duty demands and requires, that what is right should not only be made known, but made *prevalent*; that what is evil should not only be detected, but *defeated*.

It is our business carefully to cultivate in our minds, to rear to the most perfect vigour and maturity every sort of generous and honest feeling that belongs to our nature. To bring the dispositions that are lovely in private life, into the service and conduct of the public; so to be patriots as not to forget we are gentlemen. To cultivate friendships and to incur enmities. To have both strong, but both selected. In the one to be placable; in the other immoveable. To be fully persuaded that all virtue, which is impracticable, is spurious; and rather to run the risk of falling into faults in a course which leads us to act with effect and energy, than to loiter out our days without blame and without use. Public life is a situation of power and energy. He trespasses against his duty, who sleeps upon his watch, as well as he that goes over to the enemy.

☞ The price of the Port Folio is five dollars per annum, payable in advance.

TO READERS AND CORRESPONDENTS.

"Jaques" is welcomed with no languid smile. Whether he *pierceth* through the *city* or the *court*, we will always gladly make room for such an archer. To change the metaphor, and to express a sincere belief, in plain language, we have no hesitation in declaring, that, for purity of sentiment, and nervousness of expression, this writer may be saluted with the appellation of the American COWPER.

The translator of Talleyrand's Memoir is a scholar of such various research, and a writer of so much elegance and ease, that the readers of the Port Folio will always thank the Editor for urging his friend to the frequent exercise of his pen.

The "Original Letters" we are in the regular habit of publishing, though perhaps little regarded by the idle and incurious, afford topics of much meditation to historical and political readers. The letters of Carmichael will please the gay, and those of Franklin will be read with their usual interest.

"Florian" is a right worshipful member of the club of Loungers. His fancy is frolic, his style is gay, and the resolution of an author often triumphs over the idler's lassitude.

Our friend at Baltimore, who lately transmitted a fragment of a translation from the Latin of Silius Italicus, is requested to select farther passages from that work. One of our classical readers has, in a private letter, expressed a wish for more specimens of a version from a poet, who, it is believed, has never appeared before in an English dress.

Of "Lysander" we cherish a very favourable opinion. We advise him to arrange his poetical ideas, occasionally, in the form of an essay for the Lounger.

—

☞ Since the publication of a recent advertisement, in which we expressed a wish for the frequent loan of English newspapers, we have been gratified with the perusal of many sent to us, with few exceptions, by gentlemen of New-York. On this occasion, we should be ungrateful if we omitted to thank, with emphasis, the inhabitants of that liberal city, for their general munificence towards the establishment and support of the Port Folio. Our patrons there are numerous and increasing, their payments at once generous and prompt. They scan the contents of the paper by the most liberal rules, and they cheer the Editor and contribute to diminish the expenses of the publication, with a constancy, unabated even by their own calamities.

ORIGINAL POETRY.

FOR THE PORT FOLIO.

REFLECTIONS IN SOLITUDE.

The mists of evening gather fast around,
And Silence, stealing from the forests' shade,
Dwells in the village, while the feeble lights
Successive stream from ev'ry cottage window.
Contented villagers! your task is done!
Sleep, rural inmate, presses on your lids,
Smooths the straw pillow, and invites to dreams
That cannot break your slumbers. Haste ye then,
And bind your wearied limbs in soft repose,
While I, in wonted fashion, pace along
The winding brook, or in the woods dark depths
Seek a short respite from tumultuous care.
In vain!—Anticipation flies the mind
By Care depress'd, and Mem'ry rushes in,
With all her train, and loves to tell of joys
That once were wont to cheat the infant mind.
Long since flown by—joys never to return!
Scenes of my early hours! there was a time
I call'd ye up, successive to my mind,
And still with fresh delight, by Mem'ry's aid,
Renew'd your joys. It was a pleasure then,
With Fancy's ear, to listen to the bell
Releasing me from school, that I might fly,
Of task regardless, to my infant sports,
And mingle with my play-mates. Or what time
We rambled, heedless of the summer's sun,
Or father's threats, or mother's anxious fears,
To bathe in Schuylkil's stream, and turning home
We loiter'd on the road, of evening dews
Unmindful—or what time the summer heats
Gave a sweet respite to the tutor's toil,
A parent's love, studious at once of health
And pleasure, wafted me to rural scenes
And rural sports. The shallow murm'ring brook,
That skirts the village where a sister dwelt,
Would lure me with deceitful windings on,
Till I would seek the bosom of the wood.
Here, when the sun's last beams had streak'd the west,
A sister's love would find me busied still,
And still unwearied by my fruitless toil,
With idle industry, with leaves and earth
Turning the rivulets stream, and smiling oft
As the rude wall grew up beneath my hands.
There was a time when fond remembrance brought
These simple scenes of innocence and joy
Before my eyes, and I remember well
With what delight of heart I welcom'd them!
It was the pastime of a vacant hour!
And when they calm'd my mind with silent joys,
I did not hesitate to yield them up,
For I had pleasures in possession, far
Exceeding theirs. But long these joys have flown,
And recollection of my infant sports
But serves the contrast of the passing hour.
Heedless and gay, I was but yet a youth,
And grief and I were seldom combatants.
Full health, high spirits, and the song of Hope
Were mine, and when the morning of my life
Had pass'd, I still regretted not its flight.
For it had left my warm untutor'd heart
Safe in the guidance of a valued one,
Dear to my soul, as to the shiv'ring sea-boy,
Close-clinging to the shrouds is break of morn,
That marks the boatmen hastening to his aid,
While round the wreck winds howl, and billows dash.
But adverse storms have sever'd me from this,
My kindest friend, long time my only one,
Still dear to me as life, and we may meet
No more on earth. In heaven such friends may join!
Life has its cares; less num'rous are its sweets.
Yet it can number in its keenest pangs
None as afflictive as the cruel stroke
That severs those who still must sigh to meet.
And all its sweets are bubbles on the stream,
To one sweet smile whose home is in the heart.

JAQUES.

SELECTED POETRY.

[In the year 1580, HUMPHRY GIFFORD, a poet of great facility in composition, published a quarto volume of prose translations from the Italian and French, and a collection of poems, devotional, moral, and narrative. The quaintness of its title will make the reader smile, "A Poesie of Gilliflowers, eche differing from other in colour and odour, yet all sweete." The following is a specimen of the ease of his poetry. For this very slight information, respecting an obscure writer, who, it should seem, deserved a better fate than oblivion, the Editor is indebted to the curious researches of GEORGE ELLIS, Esq. a gentleman of genius, taste, and learning, who nobly employs his ample fortune and liberal leisure in the advancement of every thing honourable in life, and elegant in literature]

Something made of nothing, at a gentlewoman's request.

Ye gladly would have me to make you some toy,
And yet will not tell me whereof I should write:
The strangeness of this doth breed me annoy,
And makes me to seek what things to indite.

If I should write rashly what comes in my brain,
It might be such matter as likes you not best;
And rather I would great sorrow sustain,
Than not to fulfil your lawful request.

Two dangers, most doubtful, oppress me alike,
Ne am I resolved to which I might yield;
Wherefore, by perforce, I am forced to seek
This slender device to serve for my shield.

Since nothing ye give me to busy my brain,
No thing but your nothing of me can ye crave;
Wherefore, now receive your nothing again,
Of nothing, but nothing, what else would ye have?

—

THE SWISS EMIGRANT.

Farewel, farewel, my native land,
A long farewel to life and thee!
On thy last rock I ling'ring stand,
Thy last rude rock how dear to me!

Once more I view thy vallies fair,
But dimly view, with tearful eye;
Once more I breathe thy healthful air,
But breathe it in how deep a sigh!

Ye vales with downy verdure spread,
Ye groves that drink the sparkling stream,
As bursting from the mountain's head
Its foaming waves in silver gleam;

Ye lakes that catch the golden beam
That floods with fire yon peak of snow,
As evening vapours bluely steam,
And stilly roll their volumes slow;—

Scenes, on this bursting heart impress'd,
By ev'ry thrill of joy, of woe;
The bliss of childhood's vacant breast,
Or warmer youth's empassion'd glow;

The tears by filial duty shed
Upon the low, the peaceful tomb;
Where sleep, too blest, the reverend dead,
Unconscious of their country's doom.

Say! can Helvetia's patriot child,
A wretched exile, bear to roam,
Nor sink upon the lonely wild,
Nor die to leave his native home?

His native home!—no home has he—
He scorns in servile yoke to bow,
He scorns the land no longer free,
Alas—he has no country now!

Ye snow-clad Alps, whose mighty mound,
Great Nature's adamantine wall,
In vain oppos'd your awful bound
To check the prone descending Gaul;
What Hunter now, with darting leaps,
Shall chase the Ibex o'er your rocks,
Who clothe with vines your craggy steeps,
Who guard from wolves your rambling flocks?

While low the free born sons of toil
Lie sunk amid the slaughter'd brave,
To freedom true, the stubborn soil
Shall pine, and starve the puny slave.

Spoilers, who pour'd your rav'ning bands
To gorge on Latium's fertile plains,
And fill'd your gold-rapacious hands
From regal domes, and sculptur'd fanes,

What seek ye here? Our niggard earth,
Nor gold, nor sculptur'd trophies owns;
Our wealth was peace, and guileless mirth,
Our trophies are our tyrant's bones.

Burst not my heart, as dimly swell
Morat's proud glories on my view;
Heroic scenes, a long farewel,
I fly from madness and from you.

Thou vanquish'd land, once proud and free,
Where first this fleeting breath I drew,
This heart must ever beat for thee,
In absence near—in misery true!

—

[In the ensuing ode, the description of the bower is so natural and animated, that we cannot help feeling a degree of coolness and freshness while we read it. Longepierre has quoted from the first book of the Anthologia, the following epigram, as somewhat resembling this ode.

Come, sit by the shadowy pine
That covers my sylvan retreat,
And see how the branches incline
The breathing of Zephyr to meet.

See the fountain, that, flowing, diffuses
Around me a glittering spray;
By its brink, as the traveller muses,
I soothe him to sleep with my lay.]

ODE 19.

Here recline you, gentle maid,
Sweet is this embow'ring shade;
Sweet the young, the modest trees
Ruffled by the kissing breeze!
Sweet the little founts that weep,
Lulling bland the mind to sleep;
Hark, they whisper as they roll,
Calm persuasives to the soul!
Tell me, tell me, is not this
All a stilly scene of bliss?
Who, my girl, would pass it by,
*Surely neither you, nor I.

—

EPIGRAM.

On Sir Walter Raleigh's burning the second volume of his Universal History.

The world my labours sha'nt enjoy,
Sir Walter cried in deep distress,
And bade the flames his book destroy,
His indignation to express:
The world, Sir Walter, to annoy,
Thou should'st have sent it to the press.

---

*Here the translator exclaims, What a finish Anacreon gives to the picture by this phrase in the orignal. In these delicate turns he is inimitable; and yet hear what a *French* translator says on the passage: "This conclusion appeared to me too trifling, after such a description, and I thought proper to add somewhat to the strength of the original"!!

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